A

HUE and CRY

AFTER THE

DEVIL,

For ſtealing away

Mens Conſciences.

The Devil plays the Thief, from man he ſteals
Conſcience away; a friend the ſame reveals
Unto the Author, who doth go about
To ſeveral Trades to finde the Fellon out;
But when that he him no where can eſpy
At laſt he after him ſends a Hue and Cry.

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A HUE and CRY AFTER THE DEVIL.

PAſſing along the ſtreets the other day to ſatisfie my eye with beholding the forwardneſs and gallantry of the Citizens, in the erection of ſo many lofty ſtructures already, where the fire had made ſuch devaſtations in our Metropolitan City of *London*; it gave me marvellous content to ſee (ſo Phœnix like) new ſtreets to riſe out of the aſhes of the other; the houſes ſo uniform and richly deckt, as made the very ruines to appear amiable. Being glad to ſee the City in ſuch a happy forwardnes of building, that it began to look already with a beautyful face, having ſatisfied my curioſity therein, I betook my ſelf to that part thereof which that merciles Element of Fire had ſpared. As I paſſed along I met with an old aquaintance of mine, one who was a great obſerver of the times, and ingroſſer of that commodity which we call News; it was now near a month ſince we had ſeen each other, and I being deſirous to heare of him how affaires went in the world, and to renew old acquaintance, invited him to the drinking of a glaſs of Canary, which being kindly accepted, into the Tavern we went, where being attended with what we came for, after ſome little pauſe, I deſired of him what news was abroad, and how he had fared ſince I laſt ſaw him.

Truely ſaid he (fetching a deep ſigh) as bad news moſt

commonly exceeds good at all times, so I thinke no age whatsoever can produce such bad news as is now on foot; for being at the *Exchange* the other day I heard of the most saddest Robbery that ever was committed on the face of Dame *Tellus*, wherein such an infinite many of thousands are concerned, such a multitude of people undone, such a number of persons ruined, and all by one strong deceitful Thief, as makes the present age to wonder, and strike the future with admiration.

These words of his struck me into a great amazement, what kinde of robbery this should be, wherein the ods was so great that one should be so much too hard for thousands, till at last he resolved me, it was *the Devil which had stoln away Mens Consciences*; For do not you see (said he) that most sort of Men have lost their Consciences? If Conscience were, would the Tradesman so lie and swear in selling his Wares, using false Weights and Measures to encrease his pelf? If Conscience were not lost, would Taylors steal, Lawyers take double Fees, Landlords rack their Tennants, Tapsters nick and froth their Jugs and Canns, Vintners mix their Wines, and Cooks to sel meat double roasted at dear rates? Were not Conscience lost, would the Astrologers make the Stars to tell lies for getting them Money, and by a few Triangles and Quadrangles cheat a simple Questioneer out of his shilling or half Crown? Had not Conscience been lost, we should not have so many Knights of the Poast attendant on Courts of Law, the Prisons would not be so full of Pick-pockets, Padders, Murderers, and Villains; So many Whores would not stand at their doors with painted brazen faces to intice young Cullies to their incestuous embracements: And from whence does all this mischief and disorder spring but from the Devil, who hath stoln Mens Consciences away?

These words of his so deeply incensed me against the Devil for this horrible theft, that I resolved to rest neither day nor night till I had found out this foul Fiend, and either by fair means or foul make him to restore Mens Consciences again. And imparting my resolution to my friend he very much applauded my design, wishing me fortunate success in my undertakings, which if I could accomplish (as he said) it would

would very much conduce to a general good.

Having parted from him, I was fully bent upon my persuit of the Devil, but whether to go to finde him I knew not, at last I bethought my self that where should I finde the Devil but in Hell? and that Hell might be found under every Taylors Shop-board; so going up the *Strand*, I enquired for his Devilship at one of the houses of that Cross-legd Fraternity; the Master of the house (who seemed a Gentleman by his outward garb) told me very seriously he was not there, for he had lately taken a surfeit amongst them by eating too much Cabbidge, and was gone to fetch a walk as far as *Westminster*; thither I hyed as fast as I could, and went to the place there called *Hell*, thinking if I could not finde him in one Hell, I might in another, but they denyed him to be there then, telling me it was most probable he might be found in *Westminster-Hall* amongst the Lawyers, whereupon I went thither, and pryed narrowly up and down, but could not finde him, unless any of the Lawyers had hid him under their long Gowns; wherefore being disappointed of my purpose, I enquired of a Solliciter (who was very busie in setting people together by the eares) if he could tell me any tidings of *Pluto?* he told me he was newly gone from thence amongst the Brokers at *London* to buy him a Cast-suit (for his old one was quite worn out) and that if I made haste I should not fail to finde him there; Being very well satisfied with this answer, I returned with speed into *London*, searched for him in *Long-lane*, *Barbican*, *Charterhouse-lane*, and *Houndsditch*; he was very well known amongst them, so that I should not need to describe what manner of person he was: But they said they could not trust him upon any conditions, wherefore they imagined he was gone to a Userers to borrow mony; upon those words away went I to a Userer, in hopes to finde him there, and indeed I did imagine I had found him whom I look't for, the Userer look't so like a Devil, that a man might have been mistaken though he had had a payer of spectacles on his nose, and a candle and lanthorn in his hand: this made me to ask him seriously if his sirname were not *Belzebub*, for Christian name I thought he had none; the Userer told me that I was mistaken in him, but that the Devil

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and he were old acquaintance, and even now (said he) he was here to borrow money, but I am resolved to have sufficient bond for it, and therefore sent him to my Scriveners, where there is no question but you may finde him.

I asked him where his Scrivener lived? he told me I could hardly go amiss; so I went to one, and found he had been there; but the Scrivener belike had refused to take his single bond, and that therefore he was gone forth amongst some Tradesmen to get him security.

Security (thought I) why who is so mad to be security for the Devil? then I began to study what Tradesmen were most like to do it, certainly thought I, Mercers nor Drapers cannot be any ways allyed to him, or shew him so much friendship as to do him such a courtesy; yet at last I considered with my self, that there was something in false lights and short measures, for the permission whereof they might do much; but having searched amongst them for this lost Goat, they either would not, or could not give me any information of him.

Marry thought I, what shall I do now? shall I go seek him amongst the Grocers? certainly my labour will be in vain, he cannot be acquainted with such wealthly persons: but yet I could not tell what to think when I bethought me of false weights, rouncing of rotten fruit, selling of *Cassia*, *Sinamon*, for right, mixing flour with Suger to make it look white, selling of Cloves which before had the spirits taken out of them at the Distillers, and such like matters, but when I went to aske for him, they stiffely denyed him, and affirmed to me that he was not free of their Company.

I was much discontented to loose all this labour for nothing, so that to drive away melancholly I went into an Alehouse hard by the Rounds in *Smithfield*, where was a company of Horse-coursers a drinking, I understanding their calling, thought there was no men so fit to enquire after the Devil as they; and therefore desired them if they knew where he was that they would give me information thereof; but before they would give me any answer to my question, they would know of me what business I had with him? I told them concerning the theft he had done in stealing away Mens Consciences.

ſciences. Conſcience (ſaid they) what thing is that? we never heard of that name before; is there ſuch a thing ſay you as Conſcience? alas we know not what belongs to it, beſides we love the Devil better than ſo, than that for Conſcience we would go to betray him.

Finding them ſuch faithful friends to the Devil, I deſpaired of any help from them; then began I to conſider whether I ſhould go next, I thought it was in vain to go amongſt the Bookſellers to ſeek him, for what ſhould the Devil do with learning? Then I imagined he might be at ſome Tavern a drinking, and yet thought I, they have gotten ſuch a trick of late of mixing and ſophiſticating their Wines, that the Devil will hardly be ſo cheated. I could not imagine him to be in the Company of any Poets, for if he went abroad to look for ſecurity, it was in vain for him to go to them, who are for the moſt part of them turned Philoſophers, carry all their wealth on their back, ſo that you might as good perſwade a hungry man from victuals, as to perſwade a Uſerer to take their words: At laſt I conſidered with my ſelf that the Devil was a Wencher, and therefore it was ten to one but I ſhould finde him in ſome of the Bawdy-houſes a trading with a *Mob*, whereupon I took my perambulation to *Ratcliff-High-way*, *Well-cloſe*, *Nightengale-lane*, *Whetſtones Park*, *Luteners-lane*, *Dog and Bitch Yard*, *Saffron-hill*, and ſeveral other places, where I did immagine he might be heard of; no ſooner came I amongſt them, but I found the Devil in their mouths, as common as their bodies were to all commers, they were as well acquainted with him as if he were one of their own houſhold, and indeed a man might judge he was, for who can take a Bawdy-houſe to be any thing elſe than Hell, where the Devil is Maſter of the Houſe, and the old Bawd his aſſiſtant? I asked amongſt them very earneſtly for this their old aſſociate, but they ſaid he was ore-wearied with them, and truely they thought he had gotten amongſt the rude Rout of Eaſter-holy-days, but what was become of him ſince they could not tell.

I ſeeing all my pains and travel [illegible] came to nothing, but that every one denyed him (although I ſhrewdly ſuſpected

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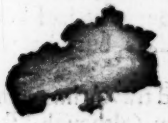
that some of them lyed,) I resolved to travel no further after him, and therefore now I have published a *Hue and Cry*, desiring all people to make dilligent search about them, that if it be possible he may be taken and brought to condign punishment.

The Hue and Cry.

WHereas Lucifer, *alias* Pluto, *alias* Belzebub, *alias* Mophostopholis, *alias* Satan, *Prince of* Cocytus, Styx, Phlegeton, *and* Acheron, *hath feloniously stoln away the Consciences of many thousands of people, who are thereby deprived of all good; These are to desire you to Apprehend the said* Lucifer, *alias* Pluto, *alias* Belzebub, *alias* Mephostopholis, *alias* Satan; *he goes in several shapes, and sometimes like a tall black man, with cloven feet and a sting in his tayle; his chief companions are Whores, Bawds, Thieves, and Witches, he walks for the most part in the night, for he hates the light; whosoever shall apprehend him, let him be sure to chaine him fast for doing further mischief, and if he resist, kill and destroy him.*

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